And comes not in, ouer-rulde by Prophecies,
I feare the power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an inſtant tryall with the King.
Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is *Dowglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*,
Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir M. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, L. *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of *Worceſter*, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble Gentlemen.
Arch. And ſo there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The ſpeciall head of all the land together.
The *Prince of Wales*, Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*,
The noble *Weſtmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many mo Coriuales, and deare men
Of eſtimation, and command in armes.
Sir M. Doubt not my Lord, he ſhalbe well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no leſſe; yet, needfull t'is to feare,
And to preuent the worſt, *Sir Michell*, ſpeed:
For if Lord *Percy* thriue not ere the King
Diſmiſſe his power, he meanes to viſit vs,
For he hath heard of our confederacie;
And t'is but wiſedome to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt goe write againe
To other friends, and ſo farewell, *Sir Michell*. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, ſir Walter Blunt, and Falſtaffe.

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere,
Aboue yon buskie hill, the day lookes pale
At his diſtemperature.
Prince. The Southerne winde
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,
And by hollow whiſtling in the leaues,
Foretels a tempeſt and a bluſtering day.
King. Then with the loſers let it ſimpathize,
For nothing can ſeeme foule to thoſe that winne.

The Trumpet ſounds. Enter Worceſter.

King. How now my Lord of *Worceſter*? t'is not well,
That you and I ſhould meet vpon ſuch tearmes,

As now we meete. You hau
And made vs doffe our eaſie
To cruſh our old vneaſie lim
This is not well, my Lord, th
What ſay you to it? will you
This churliſh knot of all abh
And moue in that obedient
Where you did giue a faire a
And be no more an exhal'd
A prodigie of feare, and a p
Of broched miſchiefe to the
Wor. Heare mee, my Lieg
For mine owne part, I coul
To entertaine the lag-end o
With quiet houres: For I p
I haue not ſought the day o
King. You haue not ſou
Falſ. Rebellion lay in his
Prince. Peace, Chewet p
Wor. It pleaſde your Ma
Of fauour, from my ſelfe, a
And yet I muſt remember y
We were the firſt and deare
For you, my Staffe of office
In *Richards* time, and poſted
To meete you on the way, a
When yet you were in place
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fort
It was my ſelfe, my Brother,
That brought you home, a
The danger of the time. Yo
And you did ſweare that Oa
That you did nothing of pu
Nor claime no further, ther
The ſeate of *Gant*, Dukedo
To this, we ſweare our ayde
It raind downe Fortune ſho
And ſuch a floud of Greatn

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